



11-15-1996

From the Journal of John Sprockett, Denver, Colorado Territory

Robert Cooperman

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview>

Recommended Citation

Cooperman, Robert (1996) "From the Journal of John Sprockett, Denver, Colorado Territory," *Westview*: Vol. 16 : Iss. 1 , Article 19.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol16/iss1/19>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Westview by an authorized administrator of SWOSU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu.



**FROM THE JOURNAL OF JOHN SPROCKETT
DENVER, COLORADO TERRITORY**



STAFF ILLUSTRATION

Why bother scribbling a journal
when the only things to tell
are the number of pelts I've taken,
the drinks I needed
to give back what I earned,
the list of men I've glared down
with my one good eye and a face
the Devil's laid claim to.

One fellow sneered about "One-eyed cowards
who prefer poetry to whores and .45s."
I grabbed his filthy beard
and slammed his face into the pitted bar,
his nose spurting like an overripe tomato.
When he drew, my shot flung him
so hard against the bar, it buckled.

To the point: today I met the English lady
who wants to ride the Rockies
and needs a guide.
I had to smash my drunk head with my fist,
to concentrate on what she was asking;
her own face fawn-frozen to behold
the violence that can roar out of me
like volcano or earthquake.

I'll show her the ends of the earth
if that's what she wants,
just to listen to that voice—O
a bird's fearless singing.
She'll need a reliable mare,
a smart stepper to go all day
smooth as buttermilk, and fresh at dawn.
And Satan help the man trying to cheat her
while I'm her watchdog.

by Robert Cooperman

To be continued in future issues

Cooperman's poems are from *The Badman and the Lady* soon to
be published by Basfol Books.